

Fosteresque

February 2011-August 2012

All their loving touch once signified  
survives them now that they have died  
What has shed men's living hands like leaves  
sustains us even as we grieve

There's a gentle wind upon the grass  
and a longing that will never pass  
My sole solace now is memory  
but comrades shed no tear for me

Truth be told death is the only cure  
for all the ills we must endure  
In its perfect stillness we achieve  
from our life's sentence sweet reprieve

It's not tragic when we shed our strife  
death following a rich long life  
Soon from all my burdens I'll be free  
so comrades shed no tear for me

I will see you in the summer's shine  
your memory will age like wine  
in the silent depths of solemn night  
sound echoes of our failed delight

In each Autumn's vintage I'll taste tears  
through all of my remaining years  
in each moment, an eternity  
so comrades shed no tear for me